

1733
C O U R T
M O N K I E S.

Inscrib'd to Mr. P O P E.

R

What diff'rent Follies govern human Fate?

Here Vulgar Fools prevail, here Apes of S---



[Price (with the Copper-Plate) One Shilling.

L O N D O N:

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Green Door, in *Black* and *White* Court in the *Old Bailey*.

M.DCC.XXXIV.

MONUMENTS TO THE COURT

Inscribed to Mr. Pope



Here is the first of the
series of the



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J. O. W. D. O. M.

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Great Room, in Black and White Court, in the Old Bailey.

M. D. C. C. C.

THE
COURT MONKIES.

Inscrib'd to Mr. *P O P E*.

SINCE various Subjects various Pens employ,
And each presumptuous Bard attempts the Sky;
Since *Grub-Street* weekly sends her Laureats forth,
To glare in Rhime, and chaunt some Patron's Worth,
I'll join the Chorus, but with juster Rage
Point out the mimick Monsters of the Age;
Lash the distinguish'd Foible of each Fool,
Who's Knave by Nature, and who errs by Rule:

Then, *Britons*, first survey th' inglorious Round,
Where Monkies chatter, and where Apes abound;
How each in diff'rent Science seems expert,
Singles out Parts, and vies with Human Art;

Leaves

Leaves nought untry'd to rival mortal Race,
But virtuous Actions, and an honest Face.

Room for Baboons; these speak a larger Size,
Give Thought Reflection, and engage the Eyes;
Make Reason wonder such an antick Shape
Should dare assume the R---e, the L---n, or C---e;
Seize on the Staff, or, with devouring Eye,
Mark out each thoughtless Heir who passes by;
Feign a Concern for the whole Species tends
To publick Good, tho' Int'rest is their Ends.

Silence! *The sauro* comes, the Front to grace,
Distinguish'd for his Paunch and thoughtless Face,
Make way, ye pension'd Slaves, or may your Wages
cease.

With ministerial Pride He heads the Throng,
Subject of Ridicule, and Glee of Song;
To diff'rent Views his wily Talent mounts,
Fruitful of Schemes, but barren of Accounts;
Bow down your suppliant Knees, and own your
Lord,
Tho' once degraded, yet again restor'd.

See!

See! who approaches next upon Command,
And grasps within his Paw the *Snowy Wand*,
With low Obedience waves the *Silver Rod*,
And loves his *Patron* dearer than his *God*!
Ye Sons of *Kent*, whose Ancestors deny'd
The *Tokes* of *Bondage*, or of *Foreign Pride*,
When *Norman* Pow'rs o'er-spread the *British* Plain,
And native *Courage* fir'd each val'rous Swain;
Let *Oaken Boughs* once more your *Worth* proclaim,
And wipe off *Scandal* from the *Kentish* Name;
Be virtuous to a Proof, your *Freedom* Prize,
Nor let the false *Thesauro* blind your *Eyes*.

Third in the Class, a Troop of *Female Apes*,
Attendant wait, writh'd into various Shapes;
With *Leaden Combs*, upon the Toilet laid,
To change to lighter Brown the *muddy Red*,
And totally delete what Nature made. }
Here *Florimo* the Gay, the Son of State,
A *Pug* of Manners, scratch'd his am'rous Pate;
With longing *Eyes* survey'd th' intriguing Throng,
Now grin'd incessant, now hum'd out a Song;
Addres'd each Fair by Dint of manly Force,
As skill'd in Arms, or training up an Horse;

The comely Dames his Compliments retort,
Approve his *Height*, but think *His Tail too short*.

Not far a Lump of *stupid Dullness* stands,
A luckless Wight, return'd from distant Lands;
But strong Resemblance, both in Thought and Mien,
Evince that *B-b* and *H-r--ce* are a-kin;
Vain enterprizing Mortals! who'd infuse
The Dread of CHAINS, and Use of WOODEN
SHOES!

Ah! *Britain*, mourn, but mourn in *Rage* and *Scorn*,
That e'er *such Patriots* in *Thy Climes* were born;
Mourn the *Projector* who contrives *Thy Woes*,
And stiles *Thy firmest Friends*, *Thy greatest Foes*;
Who'd tie down *Freedom* with a *slavish Chain*,
Infringe *Thy Rights*, and let *Destruction* reign:
Such is the *forming Genius* of the Sage,
And such the *Methods* to oppress the Age.

But what portends that loud and busy Din,
Betwixt a Pair of *Scribbling Apes* within?
As if his *Lordship* would out-doe his *Grace*,
By quick Dispatch, in some *momentous Case*;
His *trusty Grace*, that *Northern Son of Fame*,
Whose Parts extend but to *subscribe His NAME*:
Whilst sweet *Crowdero*, touch'd by *Monfieur's Hand*,
Diverts the Care that waits on *high Command*;
With Pleasure now he runs his *Gamut* o'er,
And hugs the *Kit* which got *Him Bread before*.

But

But let not *Clio* pass the *learned Lord*,
 Who wields *His Pen* as *Monkies* do a *Sword*;
 A labour'd *Dullness* thro' *His Dunces* shines,
Himself the *Capital* of all *His Lines*!
 How durst thou, *peerless Ignorant*! profane
Apollo's Shrine with *Thy unhallo'd Strain*?
 Or wake the tuneful *God* from slumbrous *Dreams*,
 With *pointless Satire*, and exploded *Themes*?
 Repent e'er late, and let some *Fire* atone
 For this presumptuous *Crime* before his *Throne*;
 He's mild, and gently listens to the *Cries*
 Of those whose *Labours* fall his *Sacrifice*.

Yet still remains a num'rous *Crowd* behind,
 Of *Apes deform'd* in *Principle* and *Mind*;
 But these to *Keyber's Genius* I submit,
 To sooth their hideous *Form*, and point their *Wit*:
Keyber! distinguish'd for his *Monkey Rhimes*,
Keyber! the reigning *Chief* of *Pantomimes*!
 Why quit'st thou, *Colley*, thy *Dramatick Shape*,
 T' expire in *Ode*, and die a *laurel'd Ape*?
 Well has thy subtle *Nature* play'd its *Part*,
 To please thy *Own*, but gall the *Sharer's Heart*:
 Inimitable *Ape!* but let it pass,
 Thou'st play'd the *Courtly Monkey*, he the *Ass*.

P---lt--- proceed; and let *Thy Caution* last,
 The *Times* are vicious, tho' the *Danger's* past;
 Thou prob'd *Our Wounds*, and kindly gave *Advice*,
 And guess'd the *Constitution* in a *Trice*,
 Lopping the monstrous *Hydra's Head*, *EXCISE*.

Oh!

Oh! might some Genius like great *Dryden's* fraught,
 Skill'd in melodious Sound, and rich in Thought,
 Fit to the Task, and suited to thy Worth,
 Attempt thy Praise, and call thy Merits forth;
 Touch ev'ry Grace where *Patriot-Beauty* shines,
 And with *Thy Name* immortalize his Lines;
 Like Work and Matter wou'd the Labour seem,
 As Artists grace, but Nature stamps the Gem:
 In firm Alliance still your Ends pursue,
 Hold fast your oldest Friends, nor seek for new.
 Thus when two beauteous Domes contiguous rise,
 Of *Gothic* Structure, or *Corinthian* Size,
 In fond Embrace the Kindred Joices meet,
 Unite their Strength, and share the sumptuous Weight,
 The deep-bas'd Columns dare the Tempest's Rage,
 Keep pace with Time, and brave the Shocks of Age.
 Fortune has still some fickle Whims in View,
 The Storm's blown o'er, and Changes may ensue,
 Be *Yours* the first Promotion to succeed,
 Who sav'd our *Rights*, nor let *Your Country* bleed.
 So when Great *Scipio* ran his Length of Fame,
 To *Rome's* first Honours the Dictator came;
 Immortal Praises to his Lawrels rung,
 Himself th' immortal Praise of ev'ry Tongue;
 His *Patriot-Virtues* pleas'd the *Publick* more,
 Than all the Conquests he had gain'd before.

FINIS

1760

EXCISE

Oh!

